Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies
With the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, beſides a Cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Biſhop of *Carleile*.
Bul. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Caſtle,
Through braſen Trumpet ſend the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H. Bul. on both his knees, doth kiſſe king *Richards* hand,
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his Royall perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of ſlaughtered Englinſhmen?
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch chrimſon tempeſt ſhould be drencht,
The freſh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderlie ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the graſſie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyſe of threatning drumme,
That from this Caſtles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well peruſd.
Me thinks King Richard and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The Trumpet ſound, Richard appeareth on the walles.
Bull. See, ſee, King Richard doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne
From out the fierie portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious clouds are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to ſtaine the tracke
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling Maieſtie; alacke for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew.
King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe the lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull dutie to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew vs the hand of God
That hath diſmiſt vs from our Stewardſhip:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he do prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe:
And though you thinke that allas you haue done,
Haue torne their ſoules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my Maiſter GOD omnipotent,
Is muſtering in his clouds on our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vaſſaile hands againſt my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me thinks he ſtands)
That euerie ſtride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treaſon: he is come to open
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre:
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of mothers ſonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of Mayd-pale peace,